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## SUDDEN.

*Sally:* ETHEL AND I ARE SO INTERESTED IN YOU.

*Jim:* KIND, CERTAINLY; BUT WHY?

*Ethel:* WE HAD OUR FORTUNES TOLD. ONE IS TO MARRY YOU, AND THE OTHER IS TO BE BRIDESMAID.

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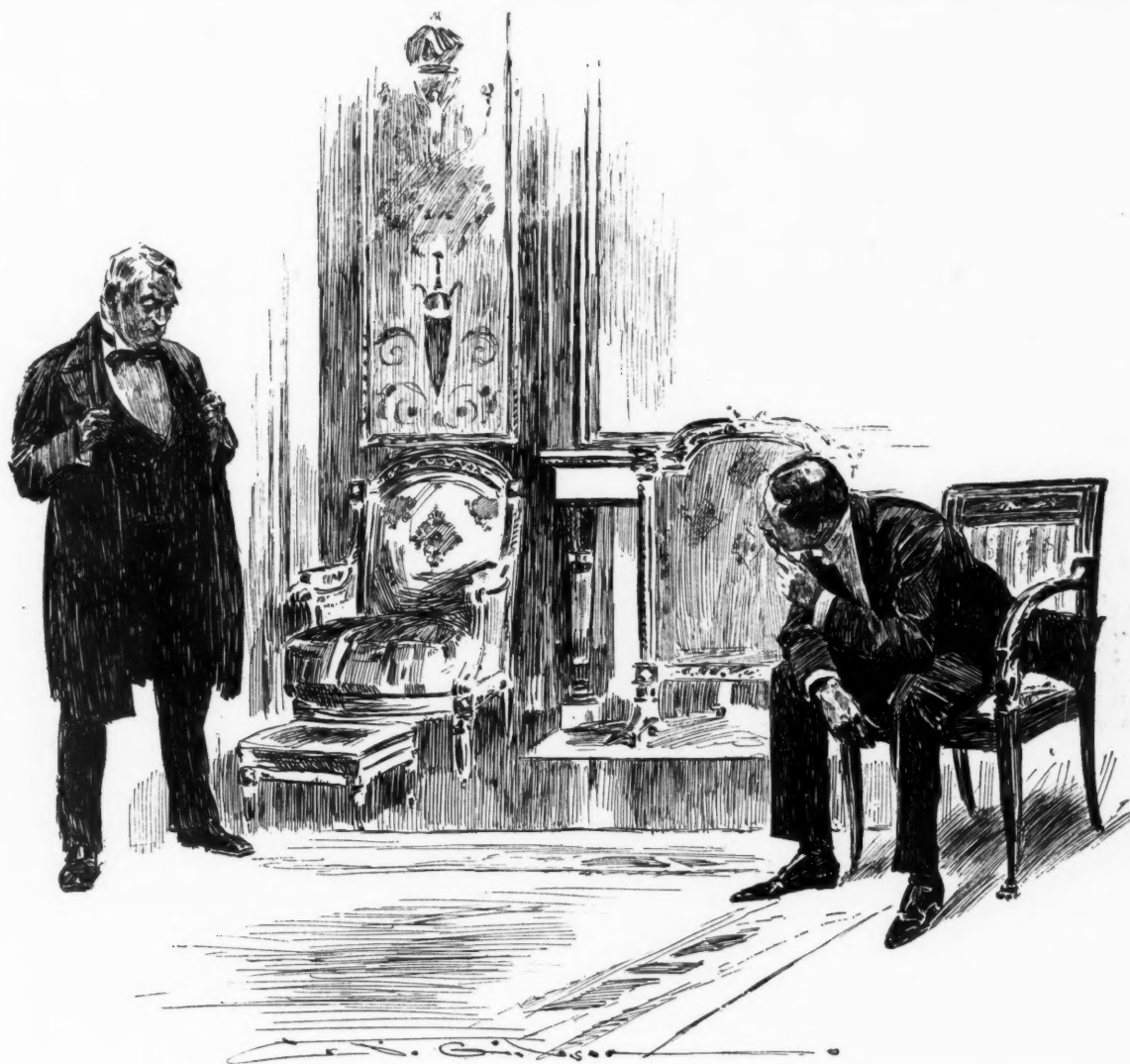
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"SO YOU WANT TO MARRY EMMA—BUT SHE IS MY ONLY DAUGHTER."  
 "OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT, SIR. I ONLY WANT ONE."

## SHE SPORTED HARVARD COLORS.

"DIDN'T Jack take his wife to the foot-ball game at Springfield?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Jack's a Yale man and his wife has red hair."

## RESTAURANT GRAMMAR.

BEEFSTEAK BEN (*waiter in a Bowery restaurant*):  
 De dude waiter must be from Boston!

PORKCHOP JOE (*another waiter*): Howjer know?

BEEFSTEAK BEN: He yelled "Two roast beeves!" to the kitchen, 'stead o' "Two roast beefs!"



"While there's Life there's Hope."

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SOME mischievous person started a report the other day that our fellow-citizen, William W. Astor, was not right in his intellectuals. Mr. Astor lives just now in London, a large place, and a good way off, so that it is usually more or less difficult to find out what is or is not the matter with him at any stated time. But careful investigation has failed to discover any basis to these last reports.

A few months ago it was believed overnight in this country that Mr. Astor was dead. It must be displeasing to him to have baseless rumors of this and that sort floating around, but it is averred that part of the annoyance which he has suffered in this way is due to his predilection for privacy, which makes it extra difficult for the newspapers to get prompt and trustworthy information as to his health and movements.

It seems to LIFE that it is a mistake for Mr. Astor, or any other man in his position, to try overmuch to keep out of sight of the world. No doubt he feels that he has as good a right to privacy as any man, and to a certain extent of course he has. He is entitled to shut his bedroom door when he goes to bed and to keep his opinions to himself if he chooses, but as to being absolutely his own master and entitled to do what he will and no questions asked, it seems to LIFE that his hold on those easements is distinctly impaired by that hundred million dollars worth of property which he represents.

A huge fortune carries with it great power, and power and responsibility are inseparable. But great power and great responsibility are incompatible with extreme privacy, whether they are found in Mr. Astor or in the President of the United States. As a human individual Mr. Astor is entitled to all the privacy he can get, but as an arch-millionaire he is at least as public a person as an English duke, and society, to which he owes the undisturbed enjoyment of his income, is probably more nearly justified than he thinks in keeping an eye on him and knowing in a general way what he is about.



SINCE that famous international episode wherein the late Mr. Milbank of England took the most conspicuous part, there has been no demonstration of deportment as amusing as Mr. Neville's assault upon Mr. Howland at the Horse Show. Mr. Neville has explained that he had a difficulty with Mr. Howland as executor for a gentleman deceased, with regard to some betting transactions. Conceiving that he had been insulted he resolved to see himself right in his own eyes and before the world by insulting Mr. Howland in a public place. So he hit him at the Horse Show.

Mr. Neville's purpose to do precisely the right thing at the right time and place is so manifest that LIFE scarcely has the heart to find any fault with him. But the truth is that he has been to a serious degree a victim to misplaced confidence in his own discretion. In the first place betting is of doubtful expediency anyway, but squabbling about bets is downright foolishness. In the second place it is a great mistake to have a personal row with an executor. The way to have difficulties with executors is to have lawyers and get out injunctions, and that sort of thing. To hit an executor with a stick is mere vain spite like throwing a brick at the shadow of a black cat. In the third place it was a curiously erroneous assumption on the part of Mr. Neville that the ladies and gentlemen at the Horse Show were interested in his difference with Mr. Howland, as executor, or cared to act as referees in such a matter. To claim their attention *vi et armis* was inexcusable, and really not quite honest. If Mr. Neville wished to make a special exhibition of himself at the show he should have consulted beforehand with the managers, had himself duly classed, and paid his entrance money. As it was, he laid himself open to the suspicion of desiring to avail himself of the spectacular advantages of the Horse Show without contributing proportionately to its expense.

\* \* \*

AND speaking of the right to privacy, it is interesting to notice that our old friend the Schuyler monument case has been before the courts again. LIFE hopes to see this case go to the Court of Appeals and elicit a learned and reliable decision upon those two points, namely: How much does it take to make a public character out of a private person; and, how far does the law enable us to secure oblivion for our deceased relations. The circumstance that the same law which enables us to secure oblivion for our deceased relatives' protection, would apparently enable us to impose it on them for our own convenience, adds to the interest of the prospective decision.





A CHIVALRIC FOREIGNER.

*M. le Baron (who, on the previous evening, failed in his endeavors to reach the refreshment tables at a crowded reception):* AH, I SEE! ZE REFRESHMENTS ARE SERVE' IN ZE FIELD. ZAT IS MOOCH BETTER ZAN IN ZE CROWDED ROOM. IF MADAME WILL HOLD MY HAT, I ONCE MORE PLUNGE INTO ZE CONFLICT, AND VIZ ZE HELP OF HEAVEN, PERHAPS ACHIEVE FOR MADAME ZE CROQUETTE.

THE ONLY INDUCEMENT.

SCENE I. *A cosy parlor. Lights not too glaring and not too dim. A piano, open, with two or three romantic songs on the rack. An odor of sentiment pervades the whole atmosphere of the room. Discovered, not too close to and not too far from each other, Ned and Maud.*

MAUD: There is only one inducement in the world you could offer me, Ned, to make me become your wife.

NED: Well, I haven't asked you yet, have I?

MAUD: I did not say you had, but I was just warning you.

*(A protracted conversation ensues, ranging from a mutual liking for the same edibles to the spontaneous, sympathetic union of two twin souls.)*

SCENE II. *The same, three hours later. The sentiment*

*in the atmosphere has become so oppressive as to cause the lights to burn with a flickering dimness.*

MAUD: And you loved me the first time you saw me?

NED: Long before I ever met you, darling. You were the ideal of my dreams. I lived but in the hope of one day meeting you.

MAUD: And I you, dearest. *(Buss.)*

NED: But tell me, my own; what did you mean by saying, before I asked you to marry me, that there was only one inducement in the world I could offer you to make you become my wife.

MAUD *(shyly)*: That was the inducement.

NED: What?

MAUD *(burying her face in his chrysanthemum)*: Asking me to marry you.



A HAPPY FACULTY.

## THE WAIL OF THE REJECTED.

**B**ROKE, broke, broke,  
I forgive you, O Rosalie!  
But the boxes of Huyler's and Jacqueminot roses  
Will never come back to me.

## GOOD OUT OF EVIL.



LIFE is glad to learn from vivisectors that cats and monkeys are always happy after portions of their brains have been removed. If the object of mutilating living animals is to make discoveries beneficial to the human race it seems to us that this statement is of tremendous importance. Why any more misery if happiness is so easily within the reach of all? There may be, of course, timid citizens who would shrink from having the experiment tried on members of their own families, but sentimental reasons of that nature should have no weight. The vivisector always has had a great contempt for "sentiment."

LIFE considers this the most important discovery of vivisection. Many will doubt the truth of the assertion, and refuse to believe that removing a portion of the brain tends to



## LET WELL ENOUGH ALONE.

"I'VE GOT A TONGUE-TIED CHILD, DOCTOR. CAN ANYTHING BE DONE FOR IT?"

"BOY OR GIRL?"

"GIRL."

"HUMPH! I THINK YOU'D BETTER NOT INTERFERE WITH THE WORKINGS OF PROVIDENCE, MA'AM."

develop a contented spirit, but science has ever encountered obstacles in its progress. Our confidence in vivisectors enables us to swallow any statement they care to make, of whatever size or shape. The "scientist" who derives pleasure from strapping a dog to a table and cutting him up alive, possesses a sensitive nature that would shrink from falsehood.

## SURE CURE.

**JACK HARDUP:** What's a man to do, Doctor, when he can't eat beefsteak without getting neuralgia in the jaws?  
**DR. PORTLY:** Hm! I'd recommend him to change his boarding-house.

## A DISEASE.

"WHAT is Scadhunter's business?"

"He puts in his time looking for a rich wife."

"That isn't a business; it's a disease."

**GOOD SAMARITAN:** Don't you know better than to drive that poor horse up hill so fast?

**O'CONNOR:** Up hill is it? Oh! begorra the nag's blind and he can't see it!



*Excited Kentuckian (who was suddenly awakened):* MISTER BURGLAR, YOU ARE WELCOME TO EVERYTHING IN THE HOUSE, BUT DON'T TAKE MY WHISKY OR YOU'LL BREAK MY HEART!

#### BENEATH HER CLOAK.



LARISSA lets her cloak slip down,  
And my hungry eyes behold her,  
I see, above her low-cut gown,  
A dazzling neck and shoulder.  
I stand with reverence drinking in  
Her beauty pure and simple;—  
The smooth expanse of baby-skin,  
With delicious curve and dimple.  
And sometimes, too, she casts aside  
The cloak of her worldly training,  
And lets me see what she fain would  
hide;  
A soul well worth the gaining.  
When her social triumphs seem to  
fade,  
When she drops the chilling cover,  
And the *grande dame* sinks in  
the simple maid,  
Ah, it's then—it is then I love  
her. *Harry Romaine.*

#### HIS TIME TO RUN.

"WHAT are you running for?" yelled one messenger boy to another.  
"I'm off duty now," was the satisfactory reply.

THE contented man can get more comfort out of a cob pipe than the dyspeptic can from the finest imported cigar.

#### WHO THEY WOULD RATHER BE.

A POPULAR parlor game in England just now is for those present to jot down on slips of paper over their own names the name of the person whom of all others they would rather be. At a recent social gathering the following were secured:

I would rather be Grover Cleveland.—BENJAMIN HARRISON.

The Prince.—WARD MCALLISTER.

Peeping Tom.—ANTHONY COMSTOCK.

James Corbett.—JOHN L. SULLIVAN.

A doornail.—W. REID.

The Pied Piper of Hamelin.—ELBRIDGE T. GERRY.

Balaam's Ass.—RUSSEL B. HARRISON.

Abe Slupsky.—CHARLES A. DANA.

A man with a sense of humor.—The Editor of *Punch*.

Anybody who is not hounded by office-seekers.—GROVER CLEVELAND.

An angel and with the angels stand.—JOHN WANAMAKER.

Ananias.—THOMAS P. OCHILTREE.

Nancy Hanks.—THE FIFTH AVENUE STAGE HORSE.

Monsieur de Paris.—ADLAI E. STEVENSON.

Some Good Man's Wife.—MISS ELDERBY.

THE most important question of the day is what Sockless Jerry Simpson is going to do when Santa Claus comes around.

"WHERE do we find the most miserable man?" yelled the temperance orator.  
"At home nursing the baby," cried a voice in the audience.

#### MILITARY TERMS.



DOUBLE TIME.

## BOOKISHNESS

### MR. BARRY PAIN'S ALLEGORIES.

ONE of the young writers who is talked about by a coterie of English admirers is Barry Pain, whose collected sketches and verses are in a volume entitled, "Stories and Interludes." (Harpers.) There is a certain quality in the tales which is sure to attract attention because it is puzzling. The style affects that kind of simplicity which the precious critic likes to call "limpid"—and when you have said a writer has a "limpid style," you suggest unutterable things. In most cases the critic ought to say that the style is "boneless"—for that is usually the result of trying to be limpid. At any rate, Mr. Barry Pain has arrived at a remarkably clever way of using a boneless style, and no doubt has an impression that he unites the verbal graces of Hawthorne's "Mosses" with that all-knowing and cynical attitude toward the world which is ascribed (wrongly, we believe) to Mr. Kipling.

The patient reader may, for a little while, imagine that each tale hides a very deep and subtle allegory which only the elect can grasp, but (without having consulted the elect) we venture the opinion that the only allegories in these tales are very much on the surface—and are composed of the same sort of fatalism and cynicism that young men fresh from school everywhere affect.

What this volume clearly shows is that Mr. Pain can and ultimately will write very good short stories—for "Rural Simplicity," "Concealed Art," and "The Magic Morning," have many of the elements of good story-telling. But there must be less mystification about the processes, and not so much solemnity over little things. Even sleight-of-hand performers have learned that audiences in these late days will not be talked to death as preliminary to a modest bit of legerdemain.

IT is the mission of a book like Sir John Lubbock's "Beauties of Nature" (Macmillan) to give many unscientific people an outlook upon undreamed-of wonders and to make more attractive for them the world in which they live. A school of American writers has grown up which thinks that it has been doing exactly this sort of work. They have taken their inspiration from Thoreau, and evolved their scientific knowledge from their inner consciousness. The result has been a lot of volumes in which an incongruous mixture of transcendentalism, poetic imaginings, and random observations is transferred from the human mind and fathered on the poor unsuspecting birds and trees which are made to respond to all the incomplete vagaries of half-educated men and women. How any one can read these volumes which are bad fiction and worse science, is one of the mysteries of literary appetite.

But in the works of Sir John Lubbock the most accurate scientific knowledge is embodied in a style that has the charm of enthusiasm and good taste. You walk with him through an enchanted forest whose realities are far more wonderful than the fictitious mysteries evolved by unscientific men.

NOTES.—Among the handsome books of the holiday season special attention should be called to the new edition of Irving's "Conquest of Granada" (Putnam's), each page of which has an illuminated Moorish border. The binding and typography are in every way excellent.

Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer's magazine articles on "English Cathedrals" have been put into a large volume, with Joseph Pennell's charming illustrations, many of them engraved on wood. The book is on a subject of unflagging interest to every one who travels, and to every lover of art and tradition. Mechanically the reproduction of text and pictures could hardly be surpassed. (The Century Co.)

Droch.



"IN HIS CUPS."

### NEW BOOKS.

*STUDIES IN MODERN MUSIC.* By W. H. Hadow, M.A. New York: Macmillan and Company.

*Lyric Love.* An Anthology. Edited by William Watson. London and New York: Macmillan and Company.

*A New Exodus.* A Story of Israel in Russia. By Harold Frederic. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

*An Artist in Crime.* By Rodrigues Ottolengui. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

*Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada.* By Washington Irving. Two Volumes. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

*Wedded Unwooded.* By Julia Howard Gatewood. New York: G. W. Dillingham.

*The Burglar's Fate.* By Allan Pinkerton. New York: G. W. Dillingham.

*Virginia Randall.* By Richard B. Kimball. New York: G. W. Dillingham.

*The Life of Jesus.* By Ernest Renan. Translated by Charles Edwin Wilbour. New York: G. W. Dillingham.



"CALLING HIM DOWN."





*Young Man of Bar Harbor experience:* THEN THERE IS NO HOPE FOR ME?

*She:* I AM AFRAID NOT.

*Y. M.:* IS THAT OFFICIAL, FINAL AND IRREVOCABLE?

*She:* IT IS.

*Y. M.:* THEN WE CAN HAVE A GOOD TIME BEING ENGAGED!

#### A FORTUITOUS CIRCUMSTANCE.

**A** LOVER, handsome, brave and true  
She says she'd like to get,  
How very lucky for us two  
That she and I have met.

#### WAS INDEED HEALTHY.

**R**ESIDENT: Healthy? I should say it was. Why  
there's only been one death here in ten years.

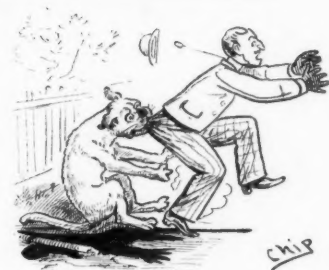
**VISITOR:** Who was it died?

**RESIDENT:** Dr. Barker; died of starvation.

**"I** SEE a great many  
houses in the South  
are built with cupolas," said  
Jawhens.

"Yes, we have to build 'em  
that way," said the Colonel.  
"We use 'em for chicken  
coops at night."

**T**UBAL CAIN, worker in  
metals, was the founder  
of one of our oldest families.



"TRYING ON HIS PANTS."



C. D. Goss

THE SALON NEW  
AT MRS. CHROM



SALON NEW YORK.

at MRS. CHROME'S.





1823.

1893.

UNEXPECTED MEETING.

## THE LESSON OF YEARS.

FOR years I've toiled among my books,  
And having read them all, I find  
That every thought I have, has been  
The product of some other mind.

## FOUNDED BY ANDREW CARNEGIE.

AS far as we know, there is every reason to believe that the Music Hall FOUNDED BY ANDREW CARNEGIE was in reality FOUNDED BY ANDREW CARNEGIE. We suspect it was FOUNDED BY ANDREW CARNEGIE before entering the building, partly because ANDREW CARNEGIE is a generous and retiring man, and partly because the most important feature on the outside walls is the assertion that it was FOUNDED BY ANDREW CARNEGIE. Moreover, the programmes and all printed matter relating to the edifice repeat the tidings, and the visitor settles himself in his seat with the comfortable certainty that the building was surely FOUNDED BY ANDREW CARNEGIE, and possibly the performers, the audience, and he himself were also FOUNDED BY ANDREW CARNEGIE. It is doubtless a good thing to be FOUNDED BY ANDREW CARNEGIE. If it were an injurious thing to be FOUNDED BY ANDREW CARNEGIE that particular Music Hall would not have endured as long as it has. It has been so thoroughly and aggressively FOUNDED BY ANDREW CARNEGIE that even if the edifice should crumble and disappear the fact that it was FOUNDED BY ANDREW CARNEGIE would continue to reverberate through the ages.

LIFE feels it his duty to warn Mr. Carnegie that those men who give things on the sly are generally discovered sooner or later.



## BOOMING A BAD PLAY.

THE old-time discussion recently revived by the Buffalo *Express* regarding the venality of New York dramatic critics brings up a kindred subject which to theatre-goers both in New York and elsewhere is quite as important as that of honest criticism in the first instance. This is the process of stuffing down the throats of the public a play which becomes financially successful because the management gives it the appearance of being successful.

Given a play which on its first production is openly damned by those newspaper critics whose critics are known to be honest and capable, and whose employers permit them to speak the truth. This honest condemnation, it is needless to say, will appear in only two or three of New York's dailies, unless the piece is produced by persons from whom the weaker-kneed journals can expect no advertising patronage. In this latter case the damnation will be universal and more bitter on the part of those journals which have to average up their reputation for dramatic honesty. If the management be opulent and future advertising favors are to be expected, the praise may in a few cases be faint, but it will still be praise.

We have now a wretched play, which has money, or a manager who is a good advertising patron of the newspapers behind it, and it has passed the ordeal of the first production with only two or three criticisms—the honest ones—against it. Now it becomes simply a matter of business. Holding it on the stage is purely a question of financial backing. The noble army of deadheads sprinkled with a few habitual time-killers, whose best refuge is under any circumstances the theatre, supply the first week's audiences. Then comes the artistic printing, with which every dead-wall in town is plastered and the theater's regular advertisements in the newspapers padded with carefully culled fragments of sentences from the mercenary notices. Next come the Sunday papers with their columns of "Dramatic Notes" which might quite as well so far as the public is concerned be labelled "Dramatic Bunco." It is only fair to the professional critics to say that as a rule they have nothing to do with this branch of dramatic booming. The work is usually entrusted to some shrewd reporter who works in harmony with the advertising department of his journal, and who allots his space under its direction. If among them you see "'Bing-Bang' still holds the boards at the Frivolity" you may conclude that the advertising of "Bing-Bang" in that particular journal has not been generous. If you read further and find that "The strong emotional drama 'Red Blood' at the Misery Theatre, continues to stir the audiences to their deepest depths" you may





*Infuriated Husband:* YES, TALK ON, TALK ON! I KNOW YOU WISH ME DEAD AND BURIED. IT WOULDN'T BE SIX MONTHS BEFORE YOU WOULD SEND WORD TO THAT FOOL OF A LOVER OF YOURS IN CHICAGO TO COME ON.

*She (sweetly):* HARDLY AS LONG AS THAT, DEAR JACK. I SHOULD PROBABLY KILL TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE, BY SIMPLY ADDING TO YOUR FUNERAL NOTICE *Chicago papers please copy.* TOM USED TO BE SO QUICK IN TAKING HINTS.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE WEEK.



DEC. 4, 1875.  
TWEED ESCAPES.

conclude that the Misery is running its regular card, but is not spending anything extra. When further on you find a third of a column devoted to the peculiar dancing of some imported person at a beer hall you may safely infer that the beer gentlemen know where to put their money to advantage.

Now comes the second week and the public, stimulated by the bill-boards and the puffs, is beginning to bite. The curiosity and ennui of New Yorkers together with the out-of-town people who get their tips about dramatic things from all sorts of unreliable sources have carried many a bad play over its second week. Then come more puffs, stories about stolen diamonds and elopements of the ladies of the company, with quick denials, and last of all, the "souvenir night." When your newspaper informs you that "On Thursday, souvenirs will be given away to commemorate the nineteenth performance of 'Willie Winkie'" you know the piece is a success, and you are not in the swim if you do not see it. The theatrical manager, and wisely, goes on the theory that the New York public is a fool public, and like a herd of sheep goes bodily whichever way it starts to turn. For this purpose public curiosity is quite as valuable as public interest in turning the crowd. Therefore it very often happens that a play is carried through a moderate run simply from the curiosity of the crowd to see what others have seen. New York possesses a good many social cowards who are afraid to say they have not seen anything that is going and whose money helps largely to boom bad plays.

The further New York run of the piece is prolonged according to the finances of the management or to the time necessary to give it the stamp of New York approval for the road. Is it strange that some fairly good pieces are never heard of after their first production? Or that some very bad ones, after having buncoed a few curious New Yorkers, go on the road and cause provincials to ask what sort of dramatic criticism prevails in New York, or why the New York judgment in matters dramatic should ever be accepted?

*Metcalf.*



*The Clergyman:* MY FRIEND, WHY DO YOU INDULGE IN GAMES OF CHANCE?

*Traveler (in a whisper):* MUM'S THE WORD, PARDNER. THIS AIN'T NO GAME OF CHANCE. THE DUCK I'M PLAYING WITH DON'T KNOW THE FIRST PRINCIPLES OF THE GAME.

## • LIFE •



### THE RIGHT IDEA OF WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

"WERE you allowed to vote," said he,  
As through the sheltered lane they strayed,  
"What would you vote for—answer me—  
Protection, or free trade?"

The gentle maiden hung her head,  
While to her cheeks the color flew;  
"I would not care to vote," she said;  
"I'd rather pair with you."

—Cape Cod Item.

SOME time ago a troop-ship was returning from abroad, and among the passengers was an old lady who had a favorite parrot, which she placed under the especial care of one of the sailors. On going to attend Polly one morning he was surprised to find that poor bird dead, and knowing how very much upset the old lady would be to hear of the death of her favorite, and not feeling equal to imparting the sad intelligence himself, he employed a brother tar, who was famous for his gentleness in matters of that nature. Going up to the old lady with a very sad face and touching his cap, he said:

"I don't think that 'ere parrot of yours will live long, marm."  
"Oh, dear," said the poor old lady. "Why?"  
"Cos he's dead," was the comforting reply.—*Exchange.*

THERE is great trouble among the Indian squaws at Niblos. Some ten of them have papposes, ranging from four to ten months old, and it is customary with the mothers to carry their infants on their backs wherever they go. Commodore Gerry's Hessians have forbidden them taking the papposes on the stage. The great bone of contention is "what will they do with their little ones?" The chambermaids of the hotel refuse to take care of them; Gerry won't take them, and the property man at Niblos insists that they are not *props*, hence it is not his business to mind them. "Bad Horse," who is not very friendly to agents, declares that there will be trouble if his squaw or their papposes are molested. He claims that he has read the constitution, and cannot find in the document any clause which permits Mr. Gerry or his deputies to interfere with the red man's family. Last night, after the performance, "Standing Bear" called a pow-pow—he is quite an intelligent Indian—and after discussing the situation, proposed a ghost dance. Dr. Carver had much difficulty in persuading his wards that the Mayor of New York would surely give them protection.—*Press Agent's Notes.*

HERE is a campaign story used to illustrate General Weaver's position if he had been elected President. A railroad was built through some of the back counties of Georgia, and an old farmer and his wife, who then saw a locomotive for the first time, stood in the doorway of their cabin, watching a train whiz by. Their dog, being also an amateur in the railway business, was running after the train barking furiously. "Do you think he'll catch the train?" asked the old woman. "I dunno," replied the old man, meditatively: "thet ain't what's worrying me. I'm wonderin' what the durn fool'll do if he does catch it."—*Argonaut.*

THE parting was sad, the tears were bitter. Hide, sun, thy kindly face, and gather ye storms blackest, inky scroll! Tenderly kiss the pale wan cheeks; brush back the damp, clinging auburn locks from the pale, high brow which a fond mother's lips have kissed since infancy. Speak the last sad, parting words, the words which make us linger on their echoes. Say good-bye for aye; press the cold hand and watch his slow retreating form, which fades away forever. He is going to play in his first foot-ball match!—*Exchange.*

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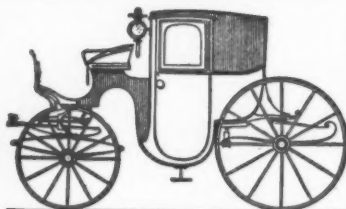
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boys sitting over there on that rock writing, while  
his companions are wasting their time in idle play.  
No doubt he is writing his lessons out for to-morrow.  
Here, Jimmy, let me see what you are writing.

JIMMY: No'm; I don't want to.

TEACHER: Ah, see his modesty? Come, I want  
to read it.

This is what she read: "Please excuse my son  
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—Exchange.

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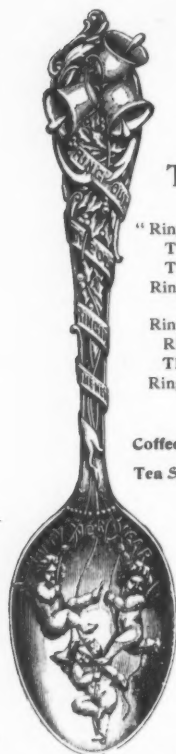
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Ring, happy bells across the snow:  
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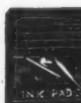
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